LUCIUS, ANNÆUS, SENECA THE PHILOSOPHER:

HIS BOOK

Of the SHORTNES of LIFE.

Translated into an *English POEM.*

By Sr. Ralph Fremant. of Surry:

Multùm ille ad bonam mentem profecit, cui Seneca *placere cæpit.* Lipsius.

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Cous H. 79.

SENECA

THE

To the Learned and Judicious,

Sir Henry Wotton

Provoſt of *Eaton-Colledge.*

SIR,

YOur Approbation of ſome wandring Papers, brought caſually to your ſight, & whiſper'd to be mine, invites me to own this, and ſend it abroad ſecur'd by the Safe Conduct of Your Judgement: I venture to transform a Stoick *into one of the* Muſes, *to reduce to Harmony a rigid peice of* Philoſophy; *and becauſe an Imperial Envy, and therefore the higheſt, (that which deſign'd the ſuppreſſion of* Homer, Virgil, *and* Livie,) *cenſur'd the Authors Works, to be but* Arena ſine calce, *I have without any violence knit up* His ſhort Book of the Shortneſs of Life, *into a natural* Poem; *which may be thus far uſeful, that the Readers memory may retain his Acute and Redundant Wit with more facility: I make the Addreſs to you, thereby to prefix a Preſident, that wiſely ſpins out this ſlender Thread of Life in the way preſcrib'd; which Remarkable Example (that being all the Addition I make) muſt needs contribute no ſmall vigour to the Precepts of* Seneca.

R. F.

In SENECÆ, de Brevitate Vitæ Librum
Elegantissimè Translatum.

OBstruitur tanto mortalis vita dolore,
Tædeat ut longæ semita ducta viæ.
Tam suavis Senecæ stylus, et Translatio libri,
Ut placeat multas ferre relecta vices.
Esse brevem cuperem misero sub tempore vitam
Sed longum vitæ de Brevitate librum.

G. Alabaster.

Metaphrasti Dignissimo.

TO Translate Seneca, *and to observe*
His Brevity, and from his sense not swerve,
Require's a Learned Iudgement ev'n in Prose;
But him in Verse to render, and yet lose
Neither his Quickness, nor his Eloquence,
Sh.w's both great Skill and our Tongue's Excellence;
Thus by these happy Versions may we see,
That the Acutest Prose is Poetrie,
And may beleive that Seneca' *as in name*
Both Poet *and* Philosopher's *the same.*

R. Clarke.

L. A. SENECA

Of the Shortneſſe of Life.

MOſt men (*Paulinus*) make it Natures crime,
That we are born to a ſmall part of time,
VVhich does ſo ſpeedily, ſo ſwiftly run,
That life with moſt is in the entrance done;
Nor do the Rude and Ignorant alone
Under this common conceiv'd evill groane,
But it hath drawn (out of an inward ſence)
Complaints from men of greateſt Eminence.
Hence did the chief Phyſician exclaim,
That Art is long, Life ſhort to learn the ſame;
And *Ariſtotl'* expoſtulate with Nature
(More then a wiſeman ought) to the brute creature
As moſt indulgent, ſince ſome kind appears
To live five hundred, ſome a thouſand years;
VVhiles man to High and Noble things deſign'd
Is to a far leſſe term of life confin'd.
The time we have's not ſhort, but much we loſe,
Our life, if of the whole we well diſpoſe,
Is long enough, and of a large extent
To bring great things to their accompliſhment:
But when it is not vertuouſly imploy'd,
But with exceſſe or idleneſſe deſtroy'd,
Death us at length ſurpriſing, life is ſpent
Before we have perceived how it went.

Life is not given, but made ſhort; nor poore
Can we be ſaid, but prodigal of ſtore;
For as great Riches falling in the power
Of a lewd Spend-all vaniſh in an hour;
And means though ſmall, committed to the care
Of a good Husband, ſoon increaſed are;
So Life well us'd is long enough; Why then
Is Nature charg'd to have done ill with men?
Some to inſatiate Avarice are bent;
Others to fruitleſs labours are intent;
This drenched is in Wine; that, dull'd with Sloth,
This man's Ambition leaves him to the Wrath
And will of others; that, in hope of gain
Seeks Lands and Seas, his Trafick to maintain;
Some take delight in War, buſy'd about
Other mens Ruines, while their own they doubt;
Some into willing ſervitude are brought,
Which an ingrate dependency hath wrought;
Many do either earneſtly affect
Other mens fortunes, or their own neglect;
Moſt, unreſolv'd whereto themſelves t'apply,
Through vain and ſelf-diſpleaſing levity
Fall ſtill upon new projects; ſome again
Miſliking every courſe of life, remain
Yawning till death; ſo that, what hath been ſaid
And as an Oracle delivered
By that great Poet, we for truth may give,
'Tis the leaſt part of Life that we do live;
The reſt is only Time not Life; we are ty'd
And compaſſed by Vice on every ſide,

We

We cannot raiſe our ſelves, nor lift our eyes
To behold truth, and from our ſtrong Luſt riſe;
We never will find leiſure to retire
Into our ſelves; or if ſome good deſire
We chance to have, 'tis like, but at the beſt
The Sea, that though Winds ceaſe, is not at reſt;
Our vain deſires afford us no repoſe;
Nor would I have thee think I ſpeak of thoſe
Notoriouſly bad; they whom the World
'Counts happy, are into like evils hurl'd;
How many mens great Riches have been found
A heavy weight to preſſe them to the ground?
Many to boaſt their Eloquence ſo ſtrain
Themſelves, they dye by Rupture of a Vein?
How many have we ſeen grow pale and wan
With their continual pleaſures? many a man
Compaſs'd with Troops of Suitors, is thereby
Deprived quite of his own liberty;
Nay, run through all degrees; one goes to Law,
Another Pleads the cauſe; this ſtands in awe
Of Power which threatens death, that, him defends
Another will be Judge, and make them friends;
But none does to himſelf himſelf redeem;
We mutually are waſted; thoſe who ſeem
Of greateſt note, do with a fond reſpect
Court one another, and themſelves neglect.
It is a folly therefore beyond Sence,
When great men will not give us Audience
To count them proud; how dare we call it pride
VVhen we the ſame have to our ſelves deny'd.

Yet

Yet they how great, how proud ſo e're, have bin
Sometimes ſo courteous as to call thee in,
And hear thee ſpeak; but thou could'ſt nere afford
Thy ſelf the leiſure of a look or word.
Thou ſhould'ſt not then herein another blame,
Becauſe when thou thy ſelf do'ſt do the ſame,
Thou would'ſt not be with others, but we ſee
Plainly, thou can'ſt not with thine own ſelf be.
Not all the Wits that are, ſhould they conſpire,
This humane blindneſs could enough admire;
They will have none to meddle with their Farms,
And if their bounds be queſtion'd, are in Arms;
But yet will ſuffer others to incroach
Upon their lives, and to their great reproach,
They will not ſtick officiouſly to call
Such as will at the length be Lords of all.
To ſhare his money no man can abide;
Their lives 'twixt many all men will divide;
In keeping their Eſtate ſtrict care they uſe;
But, come t'expence of time, th'are moſt profuſe
Of what alone (though in it ſelf a vice)
Is an eſpecial vertue, Avarice.
With ſome old man let's thus expoſtulate;
Thou haſt, we ſee, run through lifes utmoſt date,
Attain'd perhaps, a hundred years or more,
But tell us now how much from that great ſtore
Thy Creditor hath got, thy Miſtris, Friend,
Thy Clients, or the Jarre (that hath no end)
Between thy wife and thee? how much is ſpent
In chaſtiſing thy Slaves? in Complement,

And

And viſits through the town? add here the cure
Of maladies, thou didſt thy ſelf procure,
Time loſt in doing nothing; and behold
Thou haſt far fewer years then thou haſt told:
Conſider well what day hath been imploy'd
As thou determin'ſt, how thou haſt enjoy'd
Thy ſelf, or haſt been conſtant to thy ends,
Kept thy mind right, what good thine age pretends
T'have ever done, how many have bereav'd
Thee of thy life when thou haſt not perceiv'd,
When fooliſh joy, vain hope, greedy deſire,
And flattering company their ſhares require,
But a ſmall part will to thy ſelf belong;
And then thou muſt confeſs thou dyeſt young.
But what's the cauſe? we live, as if for-ever
We were to live, minding our frailties never?
We husband not our time, but let it fly
As if we had a Store-houſe for ſupply,
When as perhaps, that day ſet to be paſt
Upon that thing, or man, will be our laſt.
As Mortall, all things fordidly we fear,
And as Immortall, our Ambitions rear:
At fifty years ſome ſay they will retire,
And at threeſcore beleeve they ſhall deſire
To quit their offices: but who can give
Aſſurance, that we ſhall to that time live
T'effect our purpoſe? what vain thought us drives
To give our ſelves the Reliques of our lives;
And that time onely unto goodneſſe lend,
That otherwiſe we know not how to ſpend?

That man hath certainly too late begun
To live, who onely lives when life is done;
What madneſſe is it to defer our reſt
Till fifty or threeſcore years? and think it beſt
Then to begin our life, when onely ſome,
And perhaps few, will unto that age come?
The greateſt Princes oft have words let fall
Wherein they wiſh, commend, prefer 'bove all
A quiet life; and (might it ſafely be)
VVould be content to quit their dignitie;
For though no outward danger ſhould aſſail,
Yet fortune will againſt her ſelf prevail.
Divine *Auguſtus* (t' whom the *Gods* gave more
Then t' any mortal man) would oft deplore
The miſery that waits upon a Crown,
And ſtill deſire to lay the burthen down,
His chief diſcourſe to this did ever tend,
That in a private life his cares ſhould end;
This hope, tho' vain, did ſweet contentment give,
That at the length he to himſelf ſhould live:
In an Epiſtle to the Senate ſent,
VVhere he deſir'd to let them know, he meant
That his ſo often mentioned retreat,
Should be with reſervation of his ſtate,
Such words I find. *But theſe things rather ought*
Be done, then ſaid; yet ſo far hath the thought
Of that wiſh'd time prevail'd, that though the glad
Fruition of the thing be yet not had,
Yet I, in the diſcourſe I thereof make
Do in the mean time no ſmall pleaſure take:

So

So did he value reſt, that when he could
Not compaſſe it in deed, in thought he would;
He who ſaw all depend upon his will,
And unto men and Nations, good or ill
Gave as he liſt, thought gladly on that day
VVherein his greatneſſe he ſhould put away;
He found what ſecret cares, and how much ſweat
Such far-renowned Honour did beget;
VVhen firſt by Citizens, by Collegues next,
And laſtly by his Kindred deeply vext,
He was compell'd (ſo powerfully withſtood)
By Land and Sea, to try it out with blood;
Through *Macedonia*, *Ægypt*, *Cicily*,
Through *Aſia*, *Syria*, and the coaſt thereby
He led his Armies forth to forraign wars,
VVeari'd with ſlaughter in our *Roman* jars;
VVhile he the *Alpes* appeas'd, did ſuch reduce
As in the Empire liv'd in doubtfull truce;
VVhile beyond *Rhene*, *Danubius*, *Euphrates*,
He did his bounds remove, in midſt of theſe
Great acts, in *Rome* it ſelf did *Lepidus*,
Muræna, *Cæpio*, and *Egnatius*
VVhet all their Swords againſt him; and before
This threatning danger he had well paſt o're,
His daughter, with ſo many Nobles bound
B' Adultry, as by vow, ſought to confound
His yet unbroken age; that once more he
Might fear a woman with her Anthonie.
And though theſe ulcers with the members too,
He quite cut off, yet others quickly grew;

So bodies ſtill break out, which are oppreſt
With too much blood; he therefore ſought for reſt;
There dwelt his thougts, to that his hopes aſpir'd,
Who could give others all that they deſir'd.
When *Cicero* by the malitious feud
Of *Catalines*, and *Clodians* perſu'd,
By *Pompey* and *Craſſus* griev'd, thoſe foes profeſt,
Theſe doubtfull friends, could not find any reſt
In the perplexed State, which he deſir'd
To ſave from ruine, he at length retir'd;
No leſſe inconſtant in adverſity
Then he was active in proſperity;
His Conſulſhip that he did ſo commend,
Though not without a cauſe, yet without end,
How did he then deteſt? what heavineſſe
Writing to *Atticus* did he expreſſe?
Old Pompey *vanquiſh'd, and his Son in* Spain,
His broken troops then gathering up again,
Doſt thou demand what I do here? (ſaid he)
In Tuſculanum *I remain half free:*
He further adds where he bewails time paſt,
Condemns the preſent, and deſpairs at laſt
Of what's to come; did *Cicero* but call
Himſelf half free? a Wiſe man cannot fall
Nor ſtoop ſo low; but half he cannot be,
Unbound, intirely himſelf, he's wholly free;
For being above fortune, nothing can
Be ever thought to be above that man.
When *Livius Druſus* one of a bold ſpirit,
Did ſtrive the *Grachi's* miſchiefs to inherit,

And

And to obtrude new Laws, followed by all
Th' *Italian* rout, ſcarce weighing what might fall,
Finding no hope to compaſſe his deſign,
Which he with ſafety could not then decline,
He curs'd his life, who (as he oft would ſay)
Was th' onely boy who nere had leave to play;
He durſt preſume, though yet but one of thoſe
Who wore the Robe of Youth, to interpoſe
For guilty men, and in ſuch earneſt ſort
That he did many Sentences extort;
What would not that Ambition undergoe?
Such forward impudence brings certain woe,
Private and publique; therefore he too late
Complain'd of want of Play-days, whom the State
And Juſtice, from a Boy pernitious found
Some thought he ſlew himſelf, for of a wound
Peircing his Groyn he dy'd, the means unknown,
But the act thought unſeaſonable by none.
'Twere vain to ſpeak of more, whom vulgar fame
Hath happy call'd, ſince ſelf-convincing ſhame
Their whole life paſt hath taught them to condemn,
But theſe complaints nor others chang'd, nor them,
For though ſuch words brake from them, yet the will
And the affections have remained ſtill.
A Life ſo led, although a thouſand years,
Seems to be ſtraightned much and ſhort appears;
Such things devour an Age; though nature run
Her courſe, lengthned by Art, yet life's ſoon done;
For men obſerve not, nor give timely ſtay
To what's moſt ſwift, but let it paſſe away

As

As needleſſe, or to be regain'd at pleaſure;
I name thoſe firſt who can afford no leiſure
To any thing but VVine, and Luſt, ſuch time
Is vildly ſpent: Others, although they climbe
VVith a vain glorious hope, more bravely 'offend,
The Covetous, the wrathfull, they who bend
Their actions to unjuſt revenge, or war,
Have more pretence, their crimes more manly are,
The ſins of Luſt are baſe; do thou ſurvey
The actions of moſt men, they ſpend the day
Onely in counting money, plotting ſtill
How to deceive, or fearing the like ill,
Giving or taking favours, waging law,
Or making feaſts, which cuſtome now does draw
As duties on them, between good and bad
They're ſo turmoyl'd, no breathing can be had;
And 'tis confeſs'd by all, that they who dwell
In too much buſineſſe, can do nothing well;
Nor Eloquence, nor liberall Arts can find
Any admittance, when the buſied mind
Not able to look up, with care is cloy'd,
They who continually are ſo imploy'd,
Do nothing leſſe then live, a thing diſcern'd
By very few, and hardly to be learn'd.
Of other Sciences Profeſſors are
In every place; yea Boys have prov'd ſo rare
They have been Teachers; but we muſt apply
Even all our life to live, nay all to dye:
Which many wiſe men quiting both their treaſures
Their worldly affairs, their offices, their pleaſures,

And

And ready to depart hence, have profeſt
Not yet to know; how ſhort then are the reſt?
We may (beleeve me) truely think a man
Rais'd above humane errour, when he can
So keep his time, that it be ſhar'd by none;
Life then is long, when it is all our own.
No part will to the owner uſeleſſe be,
Nor ſubject to an others will; for he
Who knows to husband time, think's nothing fit
Nor worthy here, to be exchang'd for it:
He therefore hath enough, while they who ſpend
It on the people, quickly find an end.
Nor can we therefore think from hence that ſuch
Know not their loſſe, how many with too much
Felicity oppreſs'd, amid'ſt the Rout
Of Suitors, their Law-Caſes, or about
Some other honeſt miſery, have cry'd
That time to live was unto them deny'd?
Which we may well beleeve, ſince all that make
Uſe of thy help, do ſomething from thee take;
How much hath he whom thou defend'ſt? or he
Who by thy help expects ſome dignity?
Or that old Woman, that with clamour fills
Thine ears, with proving many Husbands wills?
How much hath he who ſickneſſes does faign
And by deluding others hopes makes gain?
Or that great friend, by whom th'art only ſure,
To be regarded as his Furniture?
Recount (I ſay) thy dayes, and thou ſhalt find
Only the reffuſe to thy ſelf aſſign'd:

This

This gets the Conſulſhip ſo much deſir'd,
And then asks when the year will be expir'd;
That, provides publick ſports, obtain'd with large
Expence, and ſtraight grows weary of the charge:
This Lawyer hurried to every Bar
By troops of Suiters, with more Cauſes far
Then can be heard, grown weary, does pretend
That he could wiſh the Term were at an end;
They their own lives precipitate, who both
Deſire things future, and the preſent loath;
VVhile he who ſuffers none his time to borrow,
But makes each preſent day his life, the morrow,
Nor fears, nor wiſhes; for what hour can bring
New joy to him, who knowing every thing
Hath Maſter'd all his thoughts? let Fortune uſe
Her pleaſure, he his conſtant life perſues:
Something may added be perchance, although
Nothing diminiſhed, but yet added ſo
As Meat to a full ſtomach, neither ſought,
Nor yet digeſted. Let none then be thought
Old for his wrinkles, or gray-hairs, 'twere wrong
To ſay he liv'd, he onely hath been long.
VVe cannot truely ſay that Ship hath ſail'd,
On which fierce ſtorms have from the port prevail'd
And driving too and fro, the voyage croſt,
That hath not ſailed much, but been much toſt.
I oft have wondred with my ſelf to hear
Some demand time, and others not forbear
To grant it ſtraight, both look upon the cauſe
VVhy it is ask'd, the thing from neither draws

Regard

Regard, but as nothing were ſought, or given;
That which ſhould be in moſt eſteem, is even
A trifle made; the errour hence does ſpring,
Becauſe it is an incorporeall thing,
Not ſubject to the ſenſe, 'tis therefore brought
Into contempt, or rather nothing thought.
Our Great men yearly New-years Gifts receive,
For which they give by way of contract leave
To uſe their labour, diligence, and pains,
That which coſts onely time, is counted gains:
But if ſuch once be ſick, and think Death near,
How are Phyſitians hugg'd? or if they fear
To loſe their lives for ſome notorious crime,
What bounteous offers are then made for time?
So various are their thoughts; could men but tell
The number of their years to come, as well
As what are paſt, how would they then both make
Spare of the one, and at the other quake?
What certain is (though ſmall) we may divide;
We muſt more wary be of what may ſlide
Suddainly from us; nor can we ſuppoſe
They know not what a precious thing they loſe,
Becauſe when they their loves would moſt expreſſe,
Part of their years to give, they will profeſſe;
They give, 'tis true, but ſo, that what they leave
Others, to whom they give, do not receive,
Nor they themſelves take notice of the loſſe;
A hidden damage ſeems an eaſie croſſe.
But none thy years will render, none reſtore
Thee to thy ſelf; what order'd was before

Muſt be continued in the courſe begun;
Time gives no warning, but does ſlyly run:
Nor peoples favour, nor the Princes power
Can alter, lengthen, or retard one hour;
Thou buſy'd art, life haſtneth away,
Death comes at length, and thou muſt needs obey.
Can any who to Wiſedome would pretend,
Be better buſy'd, then to learn to mend
His preſent life? It is a vain pretence
To think to order time, with times expence;
And to defer our purpoſe, when we know
Life's greateſt damage from delay does grow.
Th'expectance of an other dayes event,
Is nothing but a preſent detriment;
For to omit a day, is to diſpoſe
Of what is Fortunes, and our own to loſe:
Why ſtay'ſt thou then? whereon doſt thou relye?
No future thing is ſure; live preſently.
Hear how the Poet in a Rapture cryes,
Each beſt day firſt from wretched Mortalls flyes.
Let's not deferre (ſaid he) *for if we ſtay*
'Tis gone, though we lay hold it runs away;
We therefore of ſwift time ſwift uſe ſhould make,
And as it were from a quick Torrent, take;
And to reprove our thoughts, he does not ſay
The beſt Year ſooneſt flyes, but the beſt Day;
Why are we then ſo ſlow in ſuch a Flight
Of time, as if we could pretend a Right
To Moneths, or Years, or to the longeſt date
That our vaſt minds could e're deſire of Fate?

He

He ſpeaks but of a Day now fleeting; then
VVhy marvail we, if wretched mortall men
(That is, ſuch as be buſi'd) ever find
Their beſt dayes ſooneſt gone, whoſe childiſh mind
Age undiſcern'd invades; for no man keeps
Any accompt, by what degrees that creeps,
As they, whom ſome tale told, or ſerious thought
Deceiving, to their Journeys end are brought,
Before they think them near; ſo we who make
This ſpeedy Journey' of Life, both while we wake
And ſleep, by reaſon of our too much care,
Do find it done before we be aware.
Should I in parts divide what I propoſe,
I eaſily then might prove the lives of thoſe
VVho ſo much mind the World, to be moſt ſhort:
Old *Fabianus* (none of that odd ſort
Of Chair Philoſophers, but Morrall, grave;)
VVas wont to ſay, that vices muſt not have
A ſlight encounter, th'are (ſaid he) our Swords,
VVhich muſt repell ſuch Enemies, not words;
Yet that men may their errours more refrain,
'Tis better to inſtruct, then to complain;
Theſe three degrees of time make up lifes ſum,
What is, what was, and what is yet to come;
The preſent tranſient is, and cannot laſt,
The future doubtfull; onely what is paſt
Is certain: Fortune here all power does loſe,
Nor any other can thereof diſpoſe;
This worldly men have loſt, nor can they find
Leiſure enough, their former deeds to mind,

Or if they could, 'twere an unpleaſant thing,
To think of that which muſt repentance bring.
Men care not to look back on time ill ſpent,
For that remembrance needs muſt repreſent
The ſhame, when they ſhall truely ponder it,
Of what they took ſuch pleaſure to commit.
Such onely as by reaſons rule direct
Their actions, can upon time-paſt reflect;
He who hath oft ambitiouſly deſir'd,
Proudly contemn'd, with inſolence requir'd
His captives thraldome; he who hath deceiv'd
Perfidiouſly, extortingly bereav'd,
Or hath profuſely ſpent, can hardly be
Content to have recourſe to memory;
Whereas that onely is the Sacred time,
That does above all power of Fortune clime:
No ſickneſs can diſturb, nor fear, nor want,
The firm fruition of the ſame ſupplant:
The preſent is but every ſingle day,
Which paſſes in a moment, but we may
At our own pleaſure all time paſt revive,
Whereof the buſy'd do themſelves deprive:
It is the quiet mind, that can revoke
All parts of life, whereas a heavy yoak
Impoſed is upon the labouring thought,
That to look back it hardly can be brought:
Such lives are ſwallow'd up; and as 'tis vain
To ſeek to fill what nothing can retain,
So is it bootleſſe ſtore of time to give
To them, whoſe minds are like a leaking ſive:

Time

Time preſent is ſo ſhort, that 'tis by ſome
Thought nothing, gone e're it be fully come,
And ſtops no more than the Celeſtial ſphear,
Which never can its conſtant courſe forbear;
Yet that to buſy'd mends only left,
Whereof they at the inſtant are bereft.
But wouldſt thou know how ſhort a time they have?
Then do but ſee how long a time they crave;
How earneſtly do old men beg t'obtain,
Some years addition to their ſmall remain?
Who feigning themſelves younger do belye
Their Age, and are deceiv'd ſo willingly,
As if the Fates they alſo could delude;
But by ſome deadly ſickneſſe being perſu'd,
How fearfully they draw their lateſt breath,
And go not, but are haled unto Death;
Then they repent, and vow if they recover
Their health's, their wonted courſes to give over;
Finding their labour to ſmall uſe imploy'd,
When what is gotten cannot be enjoy'd:
Whereas a life from worldly troubles free
Is long enough, and cannot ſubject be
To Fortune, Riot, or anothers will,
'Tis all our own, and turns to profit ſtill;
Though it be ſhort, it doth contentment find,
A VViſe man dyes with an aſſured mind.
But thou perhaps wouldſt be informed, whom
I mean by buſi'd men; not ſuch as come
Early into the Pleading-place, and ſtay
So late, that barking Dogs drive them away;

Nor thoſe, whom either their own Clients ſmother
Bravely, or elſe by following an other
Contemptuouſly are trod on; nor yet thoſe
Who for baſe Lucre, their Eſtates expoſe
To ſordid out-cries; or whom flattery
Drawes from their own, at others gates to lye;
Some mens repoſe is buſineſſe; in their Beds
And Houſes of retirement, are their Heads
Still vainly troubled; ſuch cannot be ſaid
To be at reſt, but Idely buſied.
Think'ſt thou them quiet, who with ſo much care,
Corinthian ruſty Medalls will compare,
That from the falſe they may diſcern the true,
Made pretious by the Folly of ſome few?
Or thoſe who go to ſee (for loe we groan
Not under *Roman* vices now alone)
Youths with Oil'd-bodies wreſtle on the Stage,
Bred up on purpoſe of like ſhape and age?
Think'ſt thou him quiet, who ſpends half the day
To have the tedious Barber take away
What grew the night before, who time can ſpare
To call a Councell upon every hair
How it muſt lye; what Choller will he vent
If once the Barber be but negligent?
Who to diſpleaſe him is as much afeard
As if he cut the man, and not his beard;
When by a Per'wigg th' hair's reſtor'd that's ſhed,
Or grovving thin is o're the Fore-head ſpred;
Into vvhat paſſion vvill he ſtraight be put
If any part of his Dear main be cut,

Or

Or if the ſame be diſcompos'd; he frets
If all be not reduc'd to Annulets;
May we not well beleeve he takes leſſe care
To have the State diſorder'd, then his hair;
VVho rather to be ſpruce, then honeſt ſtrives;
Such are more curious of their locks, then lives.
Are they at reſt, who their whole time do paſſe
But only with a Combe, and Looking-glaſſe?
VVho Songs do either make, or ſing, or hear;
VVhen as the voice, that to the naturall ear
In the plain note ſounds beſt, is taught to run
VVanton diviſion with writh'd Faces done;
VVho on their Fingers meaſure verſes feet,
And though with ſerious, or ſad things they meet,
Yet are they ever warbling; ſuch as theſe
In Lazie buſineſſe live, and not in Eaſe:
Nor have they vacant time, who feaſts do make;
Becauſe we ſee what curious pains they take
T'adorn with Plate their Cupboards, and deviſe
To put their Pages in quaint Liveries;
How carefull are they leſt the Cook neglect
To ſend the Bore in dreſs'd as they expect?
With what a quickneſſe do the Servants fall
Unto their buſineſſe, when they hear the call?
How neatly does the Carver play his part,
In cutting up the fowle with ſo much art?
And after their full Cups ſpewing about,
How ſoon th' unhappy Boyes will wipe it out;
In theſe reſpects, they covet to be thought
Magnificent, and bounteous, and are brought

In

In every course of life, to this condition
They cannot eat or drink, but with ambition:
Nor have they quiet lives, who up and down
Are born in Chairs, and Litters, through the Town;
For which they have their certain hours, when they
VVho are their Bearers, dare not be away;
VVho must by other men be put in mind
To Bath, to Swim, to Sup, and are inclin'd
To such a negligence, that they scarce know
Themselves, whether they hungery be, or no;
One of the nicer sort (if so it be,
Niceneſſe to loſe humane society,)
Lifted by men from forth a Bath all wet
Into a Chair, said to them, am I set?
So strange a question made, can it be guest
He knows he lives, or sees, or is at rest?
'Tis doubtful, which most wretchedneſſe do show
To know it not, or to feign not to know;
Some things we do forget, and some we fain,
Some errors we are willing to retain.
As Arguments of Greatneſſe: 'tis for lowe
And Abject persons to know what they doe.
Go then, and blame the Players bold abuſe,
More Follies they omit, then they produce.
So Copious is Vice grown in this our Age,
VVitty in ill alone, that we the Stage
May rather taxe of negligence; can one
To such a sensuality be grown,
That he by others must be told he sits?
He is not quiet, who such things forgets.

VVe

We rather muſt ſome other word deviſe,
That he is ſick, yea dead will but ſuffice;
He is at reſt, who does his reſt diſcern,
This half-alive, who muſt from others learn
His bodies poſture, never can be thought
Of time to make advantage as he ought.
'Twere long to reckon them who ſpend the day
At *Cheſſe*, at *Ball*, or at ſome other play
Are roaſted in the *Sun*; ſuch men can ſpare
No time, whoſe pleaſures tedious buſineſſe are;
Nor can we doubt, but they laborioufly
Perform juſt nothing, who themſelves apply
To fruitleſſe Studies, frequent now in *Rome*,
'Twas a diſeaſe that firſt from *Greece* did come,
To make it a rare peece of skill, to know
How many in *Uliſſes* Ship did Row;
Th' *Iliads* or the *Odiſea*, whether
Were written firſt; or from the ſtyle to gather
If one compos'd them both; with ſuch as theſe,
Which if conceal'd, cannot the mind diſpleaſe,
And utter'd, we thereby are not become
More learned, but perhaps, more troubleſome.
Behold the *Romans* alſo have affected
Theſe needleſſe Studies, formerly neglected;
I knew a wiſe man of theſe times would run
Through every Act, and by what Captain done,
Affirming that *Duillius* firſt aſſail'd
Our foes at Sea, and proſperouſly prevail'd;
That *Curius Dentatus* was the firſt
Led *Elephants* in Triumph; theſe at worſt,

Examples are of civill Actions, though
True Glory nothing to ſuch things does owe,
Such knowledge profits little, though there be
Therein a kind of ſpecious vanitie;
Let them that will have alſo leave t'enquire
Who firſt poſſeſs'd the *Romans* with deſire
To build a Ship; 'twas *Claudius*, therefore he
Was called *Caudex*, by which word we ſee
The joyning faſt of many Boards is meant,
Whence publique Tables are by one conſent
Call'd *Codices*, and Boats of *Tyber* fram'd
For Publique uſe, are *Caudicariæ* nam'd;
And let this knowledge not be needleſs thought,
That firſt *Valerius Corvinus* brought
Meſſana in Subjection, and thereby
Added that Surname to his Family;
VVhich from *Meſſana*, by corruption came
To be *Maſſalla*, but was ſtill the ſame;
And is it not a knowledge of much uſe,
That *Sylla* in the Cirque let *Lions* looſe?
VVhereas before they tyed were together,
And that King *Boccus* ſent Dart flingers thither
T'encounter them? yet theſe we may permit;
But how can this for any uſe be fit,
To know that *Pompey* in the peoples ſight
Firſt brought the Eighteen *Elephants* to fight
VVith men condemn'd? a Prince of High eſteem,
And whom Fame for Humanity might ſeem
To rank with Ancient VVorthies, to deviſe
New deaths for men, and ther'with feed his eyes?

They

They fight, they goared are, at length they dye,
And under thoſe Huge Monſters buried lye;
Surely this ought t' have been forgotten quite,
That ſo no great man after might delight
To Imitate ſuch an inhumane thing,
And envy that ſhould deteſtation bring.
O, how does Greatneſs blind mens Judgments! he
Thought himſelf rais'd above Mortalitie,
When he ſo many wretches did ordain
To be by beaſts bred in fair Countries ſlain;
Deviſing a ſtrange Combat between Creatures
Of ſo unequal ſtrength, and different natures,
And in the *Romans* ſight ſhedding ſuch ſtore
Of Blood (compell'd ſoon after to ſhed more,)
He was at length perfidiouſly betray'd
When his own Slave rude hands upon himlay'd,
And Murdred him, letting him plainly ſee
That his proud Sur-name was but vanitie.
But to return to my diſcourſe, and thence
To ſhew another fruitleſſe diligence,
The ſame man of *Metellus* ſaid, when he
The *Carthaginians* in *Cicily*
Had vanquiſh'd, that he only Triumphed
VVith ſixſcore *Elephants*, as Captives lead;
That *Sylla* firſt had leave to amplifie
The City bounds for forraign victorie,
A thing allowed Anciently to none
But Conquerours in *Italy* alone;
This is more worth our knowledg, then t'have found
The Aventine to be without that bound,

Becauſe the people when they did diſſent
So mainly from the Senate, thither went;
Or that the Birds at *Remus Augury*
Were not obſerv'd about that place to fly:
Theſe and a thouſand more they do deviſe,
Which either are, or elſe reſemble lyes;
But let us on their Credits now relye,
And think them true; whoſe errours are thereby,
Whoſe Luſt ſuppreſs'd? whom may we therefore call
More Juſt, more Valiant, or more Liberall?
Our *Fabianus* ſaid, he doubted much
VVhether no knowledge better were, or ſuch:
They only quiet are who VViſedome mind,
They onely live; nor do they thereby find
Their lives in firm ſecurity alone,
But every age they add unto their own:
VVhat ever hath been acted heretofore
Belongs to them; yea, that unvalued ſtore
Of Sacred VVriters, for our uſe were born,
VVho ready are our preſent lives t'adorn:
Thus we by others induſtry are taught,
Great and rare things from dark oblivion brought,
And are not limited, but uncontroll'd
The ſecrets of all ages may behold;
And if the greatneſſe of our minds would climbe
Above all humane frailty, we have time
Enough, t' enquire out truths with *Socrates*,
To propound queſtions with *Carneades*,
To reſt with *Epicurus*, to ſuppreſſe
VVith *Stoickes* our affections vaſt exceſſe,

And

And with the *Cynickes* to ſubdue them ſo,
That we with Fate even hand in hand may go:
VVhy do we then in this ſhort time neglect
Theſe divine things, which all good men affect?
Such as have daily offer'd up and down
Their meritorious Service in this town,
As vaſt in ſenſual pleaſures, as extent,
Who both themſelves and others do torment;
When they have ſhew'd folly enough, and bin
At every houſe that would receive them in;
How have they been put off by Luxury?
Or Sleep, or great mens Incivillity?
Who having tortur'd them with long delay,
Then pretend buſineſſe, and make haſt away;
Or elſe to ſhun the place filled with ſtore
Of Suitors, have ſlunk forth at the back Dore,
As if it were not far leſſe barbarous
To deny entrance, then t'abuſe them thus:
How have they courted him, whoſe ſleepy head
Shews he hath yet ſcarce well recovered
His laſt nights ſurfet, making others keep
Ill hours, to wait on his diſorder'd ſleep,
Who being often told the Suitors name,
With a proud yawning will repeat the ſame.
They are imploy'd to purpoſe, who do paſs
Their time with *Zeno* and *Pythagoras*;
Who often to *Democritus* reſort,
That *Ariſtotl'* and *Theophraſtus* court,
VVith other Authors of good Learning; they
Bid all men welcome, ſending them away

Not empty, but more pleas'd, more happy far;
They, day and night at equal leiſure are;
They'll not compell, but teach us, how to dye;
They'll not conſume our years, but will ſupply
Ours with their own; their Friendſhip is to us
Not coſtly, their diſcourſe not dangerous.
From theſe men we may carry what we will,
And having gotten much, may get more ſtill;
VVhat happineſſe, what Reverend Age ſhall he
Obtain, who is of their ſocietie?
There hath he thoſe with whom he may adviſe
VVhat he ſhould do when any doubts ariſe;
There he the truth without Reproach ſhall hear,
And being prais'd, no flattery needs fear:
By their Example he his life may frame,
And ſtrive like them to gain a vertuous name:
The choice of our own Parents did not lye
In our own Power, *Chance* gave them; but hereby
We may be born, as we our ſelves ſhall pleaſe;
The Families of Noble wits are theſe;
Chooſe then in which thou wilt thy Race advance,
And be intit'led to th' inheritance,
Not the bare name; to wealth that muſt not be
Hoorded up, baſely, or malitiouſly,
But bountifully ſpent; men grow not poor
By ſuch expence, thoſe goods increaſe the more:
Theſe ſhall thy way t' Eternity prepare,
And fix thee there, from whence men will deſpair
E're to remove thee; they alone can teach
Mortality, Immortality to reach:

Great

Great Honours, Monuments, or what beſide
In ſtrength of Law or ſtructure is by pride
Devis'd, ſhall ſoon decay, time does invade
That ſooneſt, which the world hath Sacred made:
Only true Vertue can reſiſt the rage
Of preſent, and of future time, by Age
That gains eſteem; things neer them men envy,
But on remote look with Impartial eye:
A Wiſemans life is therefore large, not bound
To thoſe conditions cuſtome does propound
To other men, he to himſelfe's a Law,
And as a God does adoration draw;
He in the thought of time paſt takes content,
Makes uſe of what is now, and does prevent
That which ſhall be; thus joyning all in one
His conſtant life can ſhortned be by none;
Whereas their time muſt ſhort and ſad appear,
Who all theſe three forget, neglect, or fear;
And when death comes, they then too late begin
To know how idely they imploy'd have bin.
Nor is this any Argument at all
That they live long, becauſe for death they call;
Their Folly works on their affections ſo,
That they, on what they fear, themſelves do throw;
Thus they ſeek death, becauſe they fear the ſame;
Nor yet can we from hence a reaſon frame,
Becauſe the day ſeems ſometimes long, for they
Repine that hours ſo ſlowly paſſe away
E're it be ſupper time; if they remain
But a ſhort while unbuſy'd, they complain,

And

And not well knowing how the time to ſpend,
Their thoughts to ſome new Vanity they bend:
How tedious ſeems that time, when they expect
Some Sword-play, or ſome Maſque that they affect?
And yet how ſhort is that they like? and ſhort
Becauſe they like not long, but ſtill reſort
To new delights, ſo that their dayes become
Not long at all, but rather wearieſome;
Thoſe Nights ſeem ever quickly at an end,
Which men in drinking, or with Harlots ſpend;
Hence Poets in their Raptures, to diſguiſe
And cheriſh humane errours, did deviſe
That *Jupiter*, to lengthen the delight
He with *Alcmena* took, doubled the night:
But what can this be elſe, but vice t'enflame,
To make the Gods the Authors of the ſame?
And to Divinity aſcribe th'exceſſe
Of Mortall mens Licentious wickedneſſe?
How can thoſe nights ſeem ſhort? which coſt ſo dear?
They loſe the day, who wiſh the night were near;
And loſe the night with a deſire of day;
So much their fears their pleaſures do diſmay;
The thought of theſe two ſlender words, (*How long*)
Can turn all mirth into a mournful ſong:
From this affection Kings their Power lament,
And in their Greatneſſe find but ſmall content;
As being Frighted often with this thought,
That it muſt one day to an end be brought.
VVhen that proud *Perſian* King o're vaſt Fields ſpred
His ſpacious Army not then numbered,

But

But in the view admir'd, He there ſhed tears,
To think that but within one hundred years,
Not any one thereof ſhould be alive;
When he who wept, ſoon after did deprive
By Sea and Land, by Fight, and Flight all thoſe
Of life, which he with grief, did then ſuppoſe
Would dye within one hundred years? How then
Comes it to paſſe, that fear poſſeſſes men
In mid'ſt of Joy? becauſe their Joyes relye
On nothing, but the ſelf ſame vanity
That gave them beeing: what may we then gueſſe,
Of that, which to be wretched they confeſſe,
VVhen the felicity through which they bear,
And lift their thoughts ſo high, is not ſincere?
Great fortunes are accompany'd with care,
And of all others, leaſt aſſured are;
They ſtand in need of others Happineſſe
To keep their Happineſſe, and new ſucceſſe
To gard their old; all things which come from chance
Unſtable are; yea that which does advance
It ſelf the Higheſt, ſooneſt falls to Ground;
Then what true pleaſure can therein be found?
Needs muſt their Life both ſhort and wretched be,
VVhen what they get with ſo much Miſery,
They keep with more, and doubtfully maintain
What formerly acquired was with Pain;
In the mean while, but ſmall account is made
Of unrecover'd time; new things invade
The old, Hope ſtirs up hope, Deſire deſire,
They change the matter not the end require:

Do we our ſelves ceaſe to be Candidate?
We give our ſuffrages to others ſtreight;
If we give over our own ſuites, we then
Are brought to follow ſuits for other men;
No ſooner do we leave off to accuſe,
But to be Judges inſtantly we chuſe;
Hath *Marius* left the Warrs? He ſhall receive
The Conſulſhip; did *Quintius* ſtrive to leave
The charge of the Dictatorſhip? he now
Shall be again call'd to it, from the Plough;
Scipio, too young for ſo great things, ſhall go
Againſt the *Carthaginians*, and or'e-throw
Hanniball, and *Antiochus* ſubdue,
The glory of our Conſuls, and the true
Pledge of his Brother's Honour, who unleſſe
Himſelf gainſay it, ſhall with *Jove* poſſeſſe
An equall place; and when all this is done
He the Preſerver with ſedition
Shall be provok'd, and having quite refus'd
Such Honour as unto the Gods is us'd,
He at the length grown old, ſhall take content
To go into a willing Baniſhment;
Thus happy or unhappy cauſes wi ll
Be never wanting to breed trouble ſtill;
Variety of buſineſſe hinders reſt,
A thing deſir'd by all, by few poſſeſt.
Exempt thy ſelf then from the multitude
My dear *Paulinus*, having been purſu'd
By ſtorms, which might more years then thine require
In to a quiet Harbour now retire;

Think

Think but what private blaſts thou haſt endur'd,
What Publique tempeſts to thy ſelf procur'd;
Thy Vertue hath ſufficiently been try'd
In Rough Affairs; now let it be apply'd
To Calmer wayes; the moſt, (at leaſt, (the beſt)
Part of thy life,) hath ſolely been poſſeſt
By the Republique; let then ſome be ſpent
To thine own uſe; nor is it my intent
To call thee to a dull and lazie Eaſe,
To drown that vigour in delights which pleaſe
The common People; this gives no repoſe
To any; there are greater things then thoſe
Thou haſt already done; which may by thee
In thy retirement ſafely acted be;
Th' Accompts of all the VVorld thou manageſt
With temp'rance, as an others intereſt,
With Fore-ſight, as thine own, and with a zeal,
As things which much concern the Publique-weal:
In doing this thy duty, thou gain'ſt love,
VVherein an other hardly could remove
A generall hatred; it is better though
To take accompt of thine own life, then know
What ſtore of Grain there is; that ſtrength of wit,
That vigour of thy mind, for great things fit,
From a charge Honourable I muſt confeſſe,
But not conducing unto happineſſe:)
Call home to thee; and think not thou wert born
And train'd in famous Arts, to lay up corn;
Thy Noble Education promis'd then
Things of a Higher ſtrain; there want not men

Who moulded are for labour, and can be
Exact in matters of frugality;
Dull Jades great Burthens fitter are to bear
Then gen'rous Horſes; what a pity 'twere
Their ſtately backs with heavy loads to preſſe?
Think alſo with thy ſelf, to what exceſs
Of envy th' art expos'd; thou haſt to do
With hunger, and the common people too:
No reaſon works, no equity prevails,
No Prayers move, when hunger them aſſails.
In *Caius Cæſar*'s time: (who now, (at leaſt
If Sence of things abides in Souls deceaſt)
Is griev'd to find the *Roman* people left
In ſafety, and himſelf of life bereft,)
The Store-houſes ſo empty were of grain
That ſcarce a weeks Proviſion did remain;
While he with joyned Ships large Bridges made,
And with the forces of the Empire plai'd,
The worſt of evils (Famine) was at hand,
And that which follows, Ruine of the Land;
And this th' example of a Forreign King,
Unfortunately proud and mad, did bring;
What thoughts had they who then imployed were?
Did they not Stones, Fire, Sword, and *Caius* fear?
They all their Art (as they had cauſe) apply'd,
The ill that in their Bowells lurk'd, to hide;
For ſome are cur'd, e're they their Sickneſſe know;
VVhile others deaths from ſuch a knowledge grow.
For theſe things then do thou thy ſelf prepare,
VVhich more ſecure, more calm, more Noble are;

Is

Is it all one (think'ſt thou) thus to take thought
That Corn be clean into the Garner brought,
And lay'd up dry, leſt it grow Muſty ſtreight,
And heat, and that it anſwers the juſt weight?
Or to ſearch out the higheſt Myſteries,
To know the Nature of the Deities,
Their VVill, their Form, and their Condition?
To learn what manner of concluſion
Waits on our Souls, where Fate will them beſtow
So ſoon as they forth of our Bodies goe?
To underſtand what holds the heavier things
Firm in the mid'ſt, and what the lighter brings
To hang above, what higheſt bears the fire,
And does the motions of the Starrs inſpire,
With all things elſe, which are by Nature ſent
To ſtrike the wiſeſt with aſtoniſhment.
VVould'ſt thou from Earth to theſe things raiſe thy mind?
Doe't while thy blood is warm; the Sprightful find
Eaſi'ſt Acceſſe, this courſe of life imparts
Theſe things unto thee, Love of all good Arts,
True uſe of Vertue, Courage to defie
The Pow'r of Luſts, Skill how to live and dye;
Together with a firm and conſtant reſt
VVhereof thou never canſt be diſpoſſeſt;
All buſy'd men are wretched; but yet none
Like them who toyl, not only in their own
Frequent affairs, but ſleep while others ſleep,
And when they walk the Pace of others keep,
VVho eat with others appetites, and wait
To be commanded both to Love and hate,

Of all things the moſt free; their lives ſeem ſhort
Who thus unto anothers Will reſort;
Then do not envy him who gets Renown
By Pleading, or that wears the Purple Gown,
He ventures his life for it, t' have men call
But one year by his Name, he waſteth all;
Some, having ſtretched their ambitions wide,
Dye young, and in the mid'ſt of all their pride;
Others, who have great Dignities obtain'd
By many Indignities, find they have gain'd
But Titles to their Tombs; ſome, their laſt Age
Fed with new hopes, like their firſt youth ingage
In great and wicked Projects, when they ſee
Nothing but Death in their Infirmitie.
He ſordid is, who catch'd with rude applauſe,
Grown old, dies wrangling in a worthleſſe cauſe,
Like him, who leſſe weary of toyl, then life,
Faints in the mid'ſt of his officious ſtrife;
Or him, whom dying mid'ſt his heaps of Gold,
His long-fed Heir with laughter does behold:
I cannot an Example here let paſſe
VVich comes into my mind; *Turanius* was
An aged man, exactly diligent,
VVho after Ninety years, a good part ſpent
As Procurator, willing to deſiſt,
By *Caius Cæſar* was at length diſmiſs'd;
But coming Home, he laid him on his Bed,
Bidding his Servants Mourn as he were dead,
VVho ſtanding round about him, did expreſſe
Sorrow for their old Maſter's Quietneſſe,

Nor

Nor would his Family their grief refrain,
Till to his labour he were call'd again:
Is it ſuch pleaſure then to dye in cares?
So are the thoughts of moſt bent to affairs,
Their Bodies ſooner then their minds do fail,
Thus they their own infirmities aſſail,
And Age in no reſpect more Irkſome proves
Then that from buſineſſe it them removes;
Law does not force a Souldier to Fight
At Fifty years, nor after Threeſcore cite
A Senatour, men do more hardly draw
Leave from themſelves to reſt, then from the Law;
In the mean time, while one anothers peace
They daily interrupt, and never ceaſe
To hurry, and be hurry'd; while they lye
Together in a mutuall miſery,
Their life is without Fruit, without delight,
Or any thing that ſhould the Soul invite:
No man makes Death his Object; to their hope
All men deſire to give the largeſt ſcope;
Yea many contrive buſineſſe beyond Death,
Reſolve of ſtately Monuments, bequeath
Great Guifts for Funerall Triumphs, and deviſe
Works to be talk'd of, with proud Obſequies;
But theſe, like ſuch as dye too ſoon, ſhould have
Torches, and Lamps, to light them to their Grave.

FINIS.